THE

ORATION, Anthems & Poems,

Spoken and Sung at the

PERFORMANCE

OF

Divine Musick,

AT

STATIONERS-HALL,

FOR THE

Month of *May*, 1702.

Undertaken by *CAVENDISH WEEDON*, Esq;

Angels and We, instructed by this Art,
May sing together, though we dwell apart. Mr. W.

LONDON:
Printed by *John Matthews*, for *Henry Playford* in the *Temple-Change* in *Fleet-street*; and Sold by *John* near *Stationers-Hall*, 1702.

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

TO THE

Noble and Worthy

ASSEMBLY

Who were

Auditors of this *Entertainment.*

LADIES and GENTLEMEN,

THE *Honour you have done this Undertaking, by your Preſence at the Performance, Obliges me to this Publick Acknowledgment of the Favour.*

I am likewiſe ſenſible that the greateſt Inducement to your Appearance at this Solemnity, was to Countenance the Deſign of it, which is the Promoting *of* Religion *and* Virtue, *and* Diſcouragement *of* Vice *and* Immorality.

This you were pleaſed to take upon the firſt Hints, wherefore I crave Leave to ſay ſomething more upon the Subject, both for your own farther Satisfaction, and Others, who ('tis hop'd) may follow your Pious and Generous Example.

The Reſtoring of Muſick to its Sacred and Primitive Uſe, cannot but be paſſionately deſired by all Perſons who have any Eſteem for Piety or Harmony. The Latter being not only a Help to Religious Worſhip, but to the Sublimeſt and Divineſt Exerciſes thereof, the Praiſes *of our* Creator.

All Religious Duties are our Reaſonable Service, in them we approve our Selves to be Rational *Creatures. But in Celebrating the Praiſes of his Almighty Power, Juſtice, Truth, Wiſdom, Goodneſs,* &c. *we ſeem exalted above Humane Nature, and raiſed to the Employment of the* Angelical.

In our other Addreſſes to the Almighty Sovereign *we are Petitioners for Favours for our ſelves, but* Thankſgiving *and* Praiſe *have more direct Regard towards* Him; *and may be more properly call'd the Paying him the* Honour that is Due to his Name.

Certainly all Methods that can Induce People to Devotion, or assist them in it, are to be Encouraged and Promoted in a Christian Nation; And what can have better Claim to such Encouragement, or be a more effectual Means, than this of Divine Musick, that makes Devotion a Delight?

But, Besides this First and Greatest of Christian Duties, the Honouring of God, your Assembling at this Entertainment is a Charity *to Men; the Benefit of the Ticket-Money being for the Relief of Poor Decay'd Gentlemen, whose Necessities (by reason of their Modesty) are, commonly, more severe than those of Clamorous Want.*

And, moreover, for Erecting and Maintenance of a School *for Educating of* Youth *in* Religion, Musick *and* Accounts.

These Good Purposes carrying with them their own Recommendation, I shall only Add, that whereas your resorting to other Musical Entertainments, is no farther Beneficial than to the Performers, your Expence in this will be Ordered (besides Gratifying of them) to serve the fore-

forementionʼd Charitable *Uses, and thereby procure a Benefit to the very Donors themselves, and repay their Charges, with Interest, in everlasting Treasures.*

Wherefore, as I have willingly taken the Trouble of setting so Good a Design on Foot, I hope it will be as chearfully Supported, *for the foresaid Pious Ends, which is all that's Desirʼd by,*

Ladies *and* Gentlemen,

Your most Humble Servant,

CAVENDISH WEEDON.

A LETTER TO *CAVENDISH WEEDON*, Esq;

Upon his Undertaking for

Performances of Divine Musick, &c.

SIR,

WE are now convinc'd by Experience, that Musick never exerts her Charms so Sovereignly, as in Religious Compositions; and altho' she's agreeable in (almost) any Dress, Angelical only in Hymns and Anthems.

Your Design therefore of getting that Noble Faculty restor'd to her Primitive and Sacred Employment, must be acceptable to all Lovers of Harmony or Piety.

It must likewise be acknowledg'd that your New Method of having *Orations* and *Poems* recited with the *Musick*, was an excellent Contrivance; attended with the double Advantage of Respite to the Action of the Performers, and Attention of the Auditors; who must needs be Refresh'd and Inspirited by so delightful a Change of Service.

More-

Moreover, by the Addition of ingenious Oratory and Poetry, we have (in great Measure) the Diverſion of the Theatre; and, by their being upon Divine and Moral Subjects, the Inſtruction of the Pulpit.

They cannot fail of good Effect with ſerious Perſons: and by thoſe attractive Graces and Ornaments, which Poetry and Oratory are priviledg'd to wear; their Influence may ſometimes reach Farther, and as Mr. *Herbert* ſays,

——— *Catch him who a Sermon flies*
And turn Delight into a Sacrifice.

Young Perſons, eſpecially of Quality, and Gentry, muſt and will have Diverſions: and, if no Better are Provided for 'em, they will take to thoſe that are Vicious and Deſtructive.

Could therefore poſſibly be invented a more uſeful Recreation than this of Religious *Muſick*, *Oratory* and *Poetry*? Which, together with gratifying their Fancies, may rectifie their Morals, diſcipline their Paſſions, ennoble their Affections, and ſublime 'em into Devotion.

Wherefore ſo good a deſign cannot want Encouragement, unleſs common Piety, common Senſe, and natural Affection of Parents for their Children, to have them Moral and Virtuous, (which Civiliz'd Heathens never wanted,) be loſt amongſt Chriſtians.

The Compoſitions and Performance at Your Entertainment, are Demonſtrations that we have as able Maſters in *Muſick* as any in the World; and ſhall our own Artiſts want that Encouragement, which at this very Time, is ſo Liberally diſpenſed to Foreigners?

'Tis

'Tis evident Theirs has nothing of Superiour Charms; and 'twere too Melancholly a ſurmize that Yours can be leſs Patroniz'd for being *Divine Muſick*, and this no Age for *Anthems*.

An *Undertaking*, ſo excellent in it ſelf, and for ſo Charitable and Uſeful Purpoſes, cannot want Support, when duly Conſidered and Underſtood.

'Tis poſſible, Sir, that ſome Perſons may endeavour to Ridicule This, as all other good Deſigns; 'tis likewiſe poſſible that ſome of thoſe Perſons may paſs for Witts too; For we have Witts as well as Fools who can make a Mock of Sin —— Ay —— and of any thing elſe that is Serious or Sacred.

Wicked Wit has for many Years Reign'd over Us, and with a Vengeance. What its Intrinſick Worth may be, is a Myſtery; but what a Bargain the Nation has had of it, and its Retinue of miſchievous Diverſions and Conſequences is diſmally manifeſt.

No body will diſpute the *Politeneſs* and *Refinedneſs* of this preſent Age; we have glitter'd and prided our ſelves in *A-la-mode Ingenuity* — but might have kept as *Wiſe* and *Wealthy* in the homely Guiſe of our ſober Anceſtors. We have indeed made great Advances in Wit, and loſt as much in Diſcretion and Virtue.

'Tis therefore high time for us to look out, and ſee whereabouts we are: To call off our Youth from the *Syren-Coaſts*, into the old ſafe Road of *Religion* and *Morality*.

If we think the *Moloch*'s Vice and Deſtruction, have not yet had their Complement, out of the Flower of

 our

our Age, and hopes of the Next; what remains, but to keep their Temples open, and ſend the reſt to be Sacrific'd.

——*O Miſeri! quæ tanta Inſania Cives?*

Will not Humanity rather oblige us to preſerve our Precious Remains, by all the Laudable means we can Poſſibly? And what more likely, for one, than this of Religious Entertainment?

If ſuch eaſie Methods of withdrawing People's Minds from Vicious Delights, be not countenanc'd by principal Perſons both in Church and State, what hopes of Encouragement to any other Endeavours for promoting Piety and Reformation, ſo Deplorably wanted amongſt us, and ſo Zealouſly Recommended by our Sovereign?

This certainly is the Nation's *Grand* Concern; and, if not timely effected —— *Actum eſt de Nobis.*

The Blood and Treaſure of the Nation may be Exhauſted, its Politicks perpetually Rackt; yet all Efforts for Publick Welfare Baffled and Fruſtrated —— for, whatever Policy ſays, Eternal Truth has told Us, That thoſe who Honour God, will he Honour —— and that (unreſtrain'd) Vice and Wickedneſs have ever been, and will, (to the World's End) be the Deſtruction of a People. *I am heartily,*

SIR,

Your truly Well-wiſher, and

moſt Humble Servant.

TO

Mr. WEEDON

ON HIS

Entertainment of Divine Muſick.

I.

WHEN under *Pharoah*'s Tyranny,
Iſrael the choſen Nation lay,
Oppreſs'd with ſordid Slavery: (Clay:
It drudg'd in ſmoaky Kilns, condemn'd to Mire and
But the ſame People, when once freed
By God-like *Moſes* mighty Hand,
From *Egypt* and from Bondage led,
Built up the Ark of God and won the promis'd Land.

II.

How long, alas! hath Muſick's Art Divine,
In worſe than *Egypt*'s Bondage been?
She hath been Damn'd to Luſt and Wine,
Defil'd with all th' Impurities of Sin:
But You the great Deliv'rer are,
You have her from the wretched Thraldom led,
And We, by your Auſpicious Care, (Fed.
(The Fleſh-pots left behind) are now with Manna

III.

By Pious Induſtry, by Holy Pains,
You her to Native Purity reſtore:
She's throughly purg'd from all her Stains;
Tho' Dy'd in Guilt, and Black with Crimes before:
For now no more ſhe Luſtful Thoughts Inſpires,
No more ſhe doth t' unmanly Actions move,
No more ſhe kindles groſs Adult'rous Fires;
But holy Innocent and Chaſt Deſires:
The pure *Etherial* Flames of Heav'nly Love.

IV.

Now then, that Muſick and Devotion join,
The way to *Canaan* Pleaſant is,
We Travel on with Songs Divine,
Raviſh'd with ſacred Extaſies:
No longer do we paſs,
Thro' a dry barren Wilderneſs;
But thro' a Land where Milk and Honey flow,
The Path to Heav'n above, leads thro' a Heav'n below

Edward Welchman M. A.

The Introductory POEM

UPON

The Reformation of Poetry, for Mr. Weedon's New Entertainment of Divine Musick, for the Month of May 1702.

By Mr. Tate, *Poet-Laureat to Her* Majesty.

TO Crown the gen'rous favour you have shown
To *Musick's Queen*, since she's a Convert grown,
Vouchsafe, Illustrious *Britons*, to admit
Another Envoy, from the *Queen* of *Wit*.
Her Sister *Poesie*, does next present
Her guilty self, a Suppliant *Penitent*.
Like her a Virgin of Celestial Race,
And in the Temple held an equal Place:
Assistant only to the Sacred Choire,
Wrote as Seraphick Ardour did Inspire.
Like her at length, by Youthful Wiles betray'd,
This Female Prodigal from the Altar stray'd. And

And thus, forgetful of her high Deſcent,
Thro' all the Frantick Realms of Folly went:
The Proſtitute of ev'ry Vicious Age,
Flatt'ring in Courts, and Rev'ling on the Stage.
There, for a while like a New Miſtreſs priz'd,
Careſs'd, Admir'd, and then as much deſpis'd:
Reduc'd to Suffer, like a Wretch forlorn,
The double Curſe of Poverty and Scorn.
For vile penurious Suſtinence, to ſerve,
To flatter Fools and Knaves, and ſtill to Starve.
But ſuch, while Lewd, was Muſicks wretch'd State,
The ſame their Folly, and the ſame their Fate;
Then ſince like *Her*, ſhe do's her Error Mourn,
Favour the Weeping *Magdalene*'s Return.
Who, Conſcious of the Ills ſhe did Commit,
Henceforth will make amends with Pious Wit:
Forſake *Parnaſſus-Hills*, and Idle Dreams,
For *Sion*'s Mount, and *Jordan*'s ſacred Streams.
Of pure Religion glorioufly rehearſe,
Th' Immortal Praiſe, in more than Mortal Verſe.
In Wiſdom's Oracles and Myſticks Truths
Inſtruct Grey-heads, in Virtues Rules our Youths.
Sublime their Paſſions, and their Flames refine,
To happier Extaſies of Love Divine.
Till bright *Aſtrea* ſhall once more be ſeen
On Earth; and Sit Enthron'd with *Britain*'s Queen.
For ſure the Golden Age muſt then be found
(For Innocence and Happineſs renown'd)
When Piety and *Britain*'s Queen are Crown'd.

The

The First Anthem,

Compos'd by Dr. *BLOW*,

And Sung in

WESTMINSTER-ABBY,

AT

Her Majesty's Coronation.

THE Lord God is a Sun and a Shield, the Lord will give Grace and Glory.

Now know I that the Lord saveth his Anointed, he will hear Her from his Holy Heaven, he will hear Her and help Her, with the saving Strength of his Right-hand.

For the Queen trusteth in the Lord, through the Mercies of the Most High She shall not be moved; his Hand shall find out all Her Enemies.

His Salvation is nigh them that fear him: That Glory may dwell in our Land.

Blessed be the Lord God, the God of *Israel*, who only doth wondrous things.

And Blessed be his Glorious Name for ever, and let the whole Earth be filled with his Glory, *Amen* and *Amen*. Hallelujah.

THE

THE ORATION,

Perform'd at Mr. *WEEDON*'s Entertainment of

Divine Muſick.

INſtead of Entertaining This Honorable Aſſembly with the ſingle Attribute of Omnipotence, I ſhall ſpeak to it in Conjunction with Wiſdom and Goodneſs; And thus having premiſ'd a comprehenſive Idea of the Deity, his Perfections may be afterwards conſider'd with more Advantage a-part: Now what can be a greater Inſtance of theſe glorious Attributes than the making a World, than the Diſpoſition of the parts of it, and the Subordination they ſtand in for the Conveniencies of Life?

And ſince we can only touch upon the Argument, let us begin with ſome of the Nobleſt Productions: Let us look a little upon the Sun. What a vaſt Orb of Light rolls about its Center? How exactly is its Site, and Motion adjuſted to our Earth? The Revolutions of Day and Night, and the Diverſities of Seaſons, how regular are they in their Periods, and admirable in their Uſe? Were its Courſe unſteadily managed, the Fiction of *Phaeton* would turn into Reality, the Globe would grow uninhabitable, Flame in one Place, and Freeze in another. The Sun is as it were the Soul of the Inferious World: Its Approaches give Life, and Vigour, and Beauty to the Creation, and Nature would expire without

out it. To proceed: The Air, How ſerviceable is it to Breath and Move in, and to Convey the Objects of Sight and Hearing? Were it much more groſs or fine, we could not bear it; It would ſtifle our Breath, and check our Motion, and embarraſs all the Functions of Life. And can any Man imagine that all theſe Proportions and Correſpondencies, came, and continue by Chance? As for the Earth, we ſee it cloath'd with Graſs, and adorn'd with Woods, and refreſh'd with Rivers: 'Tis furniſh'd with Proviſions againſt Want, and Medicines againſt Diſeaſes, and Antidotes againſt Poiſon; and nothing that has Life is without its Accommodation: What can be more proper than the Sea for remote Intercourſe and Communication? It joyns us more by Commerce, than it divides us by Water.

If we carry on the Speculation to Living Creatures, we ſhall find the Frame of them moſt Admirable: If we take the parts of them ſingle, there can be nothing finer and more exquiſite: The *Microſcope* will aſſiſt our Enquiry in this Point, and ſhew us the great difference there is between the Beauties and Curioſities of Nature and Art; and that the higheſt Finiſhings of the latter, are but bungling upon the Compariſon.

But the naked Eye is ſufficient for the Argument: *Galen*, tho' a very ſlender Believer, was convinc'd this way. He ſaw ſuch aſtoniſhing Marks of Wiſdom in *Humane Bodies*, that he had not Senſe little enough to be an Atheiſt any longer. He ſaw ſuch a numerous Diverſity of Parts, ſuch a Complication of Wheels, and Movements, ſo finely Work'd, and exactly Ballanc'd; ſo valuable in the ſingle Curioſity, and in the mutual Regards and Connexions of the whole. He ſaw the *Machine* ſo admirably contriv'd for Life, and Motion; for Ornament and Defence, for Aſſiſtance and Society, that he was forc'd to ſurrender to the common Perſwaſion. He would gladly have thrown off the Miracle, and aſſign'd the glorious Performance, to Chance, or Nature: But there was no reſiſting of Ocular Proof: He was overwhelm'd with Evidence, and confounded with Demonſtration; and his Reaſon was as it were Storm'd and Captivated into an Acknowledgement of a Deity. And at laſt he breaks out in a Religious Tranſport, and makes a Hymn in Praiſe of the Creator. *Galen*, *Lib.* 3. *de uſu Part.*

Indeed, Nothing can be more Irrational than to aſcribe ſuch ſtupendious Works of Providence, to the Rencounters of *Atomes*. Works not only Inimitable, but Inexplicable. We want Judgment and Penetration, to go to the bottom of the Art, and to diſcover the Myſterious Excellency. And what can be more Abſurd, than thus to Diſproportion the Cauſe and the Effect? To fetch the nobleſt Productions from the meaneſt Agents? To Attribute Thought and Counſel to Things inſenſible, Conſtancy to Chance, and Order to Confuſion?

We ſee all Creatures provided with Food, and Shelter ſuitable to their Natures, prepared for the Places of their Abode; And furniſh'd either with Force for Defence, or Speed for Flight, or Cunning for Eſcape. They have Inſtincts to Set them Right at firſt, to fly from Dangers untryed, and carry them on to Meaſures for Perpetuity. They are true to the firſt Impreſſions of Nature; They keep within the compaſs of their Kind, and the Proportions of their Shape, and the Qualities of their Diſpoſitions; And 'tis very rare to ſee any thing Foreign, Monſtrous, or Defective, amongſt them.

As for Man, tho' he falls ſhort in Strength and Swiftneſs, his Underſtanding and Shape give him the Advantage upon the Main. His *Head*, and his *Hands*, are more than an Equivalent, and make him Lord over his Fellow Creatures. He receives Tribute from all Kinds, and Quarters, and they ſeem made on purpoſe to Serve him. Some are for his Table, and ſome for his Wardrobe; ſome for Carriage, and ſome for Recreation. And can we ſee ſo juſt a Subordination of Things, ſo Comprehenſive a Scheme, and ſuch a Steadineſs of Conduct, and fanſie all this could be brought about without Reaſon and Deſign? Can Unthinking *Matter* judge of Meaſures and Proportions, fit Means to Ends, and direct the Operation from firſt to laſt? Indeed, If there was nothing but Diſorder and Uncertainty to be met with, much might be ſaid. If the Sun was unconſtant in his Courſe, and the Seaſons Arbitrary and Contingent: If the Stars were lighted up, and put out like Meteors: If Nature was commonly in a Hurry, or a Mask, and trying Tricks and Transformations: If the Shapes, Inſtincts, and Properties of Creatures ſhould be Blended or Extinct:

Extinct: If all Things were floating in this Confuſion, we might with ſome colour, fanſie our ſelves under the Reign of *Matter* and *Motion*: And that *Epicurus* had ſent out a Party of *Atomes* from ſome *Intermundane* Region to diſturb us. However, this would have been the Caſe if *Matter* had been at the *Helm*. If *Atomes*, which is moſt unlikely, could ever have made a World, they would quickly have ſpoiled it. If you will take *Democritus*'s Word, they were a long while in bringing Things to this paſs. Now what ſhould make them hold their Hand ſo ſeaſonably? Why were they not for trying more Concluſions? Have *Atomes* Senſe enough to know when they are well? What Conduct have they to keep within the Poſtures of Order and Diſcipline, to prevent Inteſtine Broils, and ſtop the Force of Foreign Incurſions? Beſides, The Agitation of Bodies makes them always fretting, and ſubject to Decay? Now, How comes it about that the World is kept ſo well in Repair? What is it that Ballances the Incomes, and Expences of Nature, that furniſhes the Supplies ſo ſeaſonably, and Proportions the Quantity, and the Kind? What can this be but an infinite Mind, that ſees through the whole progreſs of Natural Cauſes, underſtands their Force, computes their Neceſſities, and provides accordingly. Should we ſee an Army marching in Rank and File upon a Plain; Form'd into Troops and Companies, Officers Arm'd, Lodg'd, and Supply'd, according to the Rules and Conveniencies of War: Should we ſee them drawn up for Attacking, or Defence, and all Pointing upon the ſame Buſineſs, and Charging by Conſent, without Diſpute, without Unskillfulneſs and Confuſion; muſt we not conclude they were under the Conduct of a General? And can we imagine the Diſcipline of Second Cauſes, the Ranging of the Elements, and the Subordination of one part to another, comes all by Chance? Muſt we not of Neceſſity confeſs, That Nature has a *Commander* in *Chief*? That her Motions are under the Force of Order and Government, that the Station and Buſineſs of each particular is fixed, and Meaſures taken for the Common Advantage.

And since the Nature of God shines out so gloriously in his *Works*, and his Attributes are thus blazingly discover'd; Since all Things are made in *Number*, *Weight*, and *Measure*; Since the Contrivance of his Wisdom, and the Force of his Power, are so nobly display'd to the Benefit of Mankind; What can be more reasonable and Becoming, than to Praise him in the most exalted Strains, and joyn the *Musick* of the Place, with that of the *Creation*?

J. Collier, M. A.

The

The Second Anthem,

Compos'd by Dr. *BLOW.*

Te Deum Laudamus.

WE Praiſe thee, O God: we acknowledge thee to be the Lord.

All the Earth doth worſhip thee: the Father everlaſting.

To thee all Angels cry aloud: the Heavens, and all the Powers therein.

To thee Cherubin, and Seraphin: continually do cry.

Holy, holy, holy: Lord God of Sabaoth.

Heaven and Earth are full of the Majeſty: of thy glory.

The glorious company of the Apoſtles: praiſe thee.

The goodly fellowſhip of the Prophets: praiſe thee.

The noble army of Martyrs: praiſe thee.

The holy Church throughout all the world: doth acknowledge thee;

The Father: of an infinite Majeſty;

Thine honourable, true: and only Son;

Alſo the holy Ghoſt: the Comforter.

Thou art the King of glory: O Chriſt.

Thou art the everlaſting Son: of the Father.

When thou tookeſt upon thee to deliver man: thou didſt not abhor the Virgins Womb.

When thou hadſt overcome the ſharpneſs of death: thou didſt open the kingdom of Heaven to all Believers.

Thou ſitteſt at the right hand of God: in the glory of the Father.

We believe that thou ſhalt come: to be our Judge.

We therefore pray thee help thy Servants: whom thou haſt redeemed with thy precious bloud:

Make them to be numbred with thy Saints: in glory everlaſting.

O Lord, ſave thy People: and bleſs thine Heritage.

Govern them: and lift them up for ever.

Day by day: we magnifie thee;

And we worſhip thy Name: ever world without end.

Vouchſafe, O Lord: to keep us this day without Sin.

O Lord, have mercy upon us: have mercy upon us.

O Lord, let thy mercy lighten upon us: as our truſt is in thee.

O Lord, in thee have I truſted: let me never be confounded.

A POEM In Praiſe of VIRTUE.

Written by Mr. TATE.

O For a Quill drawn from an Angel's Wing!
O for a Maſter *Seraph*'s Voice to Sing
A Subject worthy of *Seraphick* Lays,
'Tis Virtue, bright Celeſtial Virtue's Praiſe!
Virtue beyond Compare by all allow'd
The faireſt Beauty, and the beſt Endow'd.
For what Imperial Dame like her can ſay
I've Wealth can ne'r be loſt, and Charms will ne'r decay?
An *Eden* where unfading Pleaſures grow,
And Joys pure Streams uninterupted flow.
Not ſo when Vice does her feign'd Smiles diſplay,
That *Dalilahs* Careſſes to betray.
Vertue's alone the chaſt and real Friend,
On whom th' Enamour'd Soul ſecurely can depend.

The Steel has prov'd, throughout the Tedious Stage
Of Mortal Life, and Dang'rous Pilgrimage,
To all who on her Conduct have rely'd,
The beſt Companion, and moſt Faithful Guide.
Our Shadowing Cloud in Fortunes Dazling Light,
Our Shining Pillar in Afflictions Night,
Our Heavenly Manna, when for Food diſtreſs'd;
Our Fountain, when with ſcorching Thirſt oppreſs'd;
She makes our Wilderneſs all Blooming gay,
And ſcatters Roſes in the Deſert Way.
The very Thorns that makes her Travellers Bleed,
Are but Remembrancers to mend their Speed.
Leſt too much Eaſe their farther Care disband,
And they ſtop ſhort, ſhort of the promis'd Land.
Ev'n Amourous Youth with her ſecurely ſteer
Where *Syren*'s deck'd in all their Charms appear.
Of *Circe*'s Iſle the Tempting Proſpect ſhun,
When th' Unadvis'd to Smiling Ruin run.
By her the Beauteous Sex are taught to know,
Both what to Heaven, and to themſelves they owe:
Honour and ſpotleſs Innocence to Prize,
Above the Triumphs of their Conqu'ring Eyes.
How diſmal Dear the Bargain when they Sell
Thoſe Gemms for ought, that does on Earth excel,
That, O 'tis Life for Death, and Heaven for Hell!
But then in largeſt Streams her Bleſſings flow,
When Life, grown Bankrupt, can no more beſtow;
She gives what Mortal Nature never gave,
Immortal Bliſs, and Life beyond the Grave.

Gloria Patri.

FINIS.